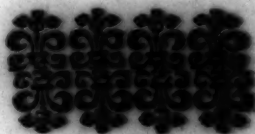


2. THE
W E L S H

MOUSE-TRAP.

Translated from the **L A T I N**

By **F. T.**



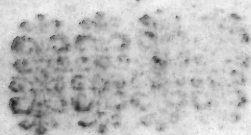
L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by the Booksellers of *London* and
Westminster. 1709.

W E L S H

W O R S E - T R A P

Translated from the LATIN



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THE WELSH

Mouse-Trap, &c.

Muse Sing the *Britann*, who on Mountains liv'd,
And first a Mouse-Trap wittily contriv'd.
You *Phœbus*, who once grievously did hate
These Animals, as Delphian Priests relate:
Assist my humble Verse, while I describe
The Mice's Scuffle with the *Cambrian* tribe.

A Mouse a long time without Punishment
Custom'd to rapine, being fully bent
To prosecute her Ancient Trade, set's out,
And thro' each hole and cranny goes about.
Whate're she finds, she makes her own: She'll spare
No Dish, no Cheese; but nibbling every where,
Her wicked Teeth do leave a trace, and free
Nothing escapes this Domestick Enemy.
Door, Bar, or Wall, no opposition makes,
She pierces thro' and all at free-cost takes.

But whilst the World oppress'd, with heavy moan,
Under this Plague still unrevenge'd did grown:
Wales felt it most, because the smell of Cheese
Is rankest there: where gnawing by degrees,
With tasting not content, this wicked Mouse
At length does nibble out her self a House.

This mischief did the Nations rage excite,
They rove about, Fret, and with all their might,
Splutter their Nails: which is we know to all
The Welch, as well as Fury, natural.

Thus *Anger* ruling, that they all decree
The death of this mischievous Mouse to be.
But how to take this cautious Thief; or who:
Is in debate, 'tis what *Her Cat* can't do;
Tho' oftentimes before the hole she lies,
Waiting with silent Feet, and watching Eyes:
The Mouse defies the Cat; secure by this,
That he's so large, the Mouse so little is.
If out she bolts, and sees Puss; back again
Quickly she turns into her crooked Den.
Peeping, not daring to make any new
Excursions, till her potent Foe withdrew.
Thus Welsh (if lawfully we may compare
Them to a Mouse) unconquered people are.
When *Caesar Britain* did invade, they crept
In holes, and thus themselves unconquered kept.
From hence their ancient Families they make,
And th' Antiquity of their Speech do take.

When oftentimes the crafty Mouse had thus
Escaped the claws of *Taffy's* watchful puss;
And no relief was found, a Council strait
Was call'd to weigh the matter in debate.
The Nobles and the Populace here met,
Each one in Rank and file well sulphren set.
A Senior then whose Venerable Chin,
The Goats did envy; and whose hands had been
Long crusted o're with Scabs and loathsome Itch
Did thus begin with hoarse and stammering Speech.

We are not here met Senators, said he
To oppose an open forreign Enemy,
But a Domestick one among us bred;
A Thief: a sawcy Mouse, 'tis this we dread,
Who long has been a more mischievous Guest,
And still our stores continues to infest.
Shall thus a sawcy Mouse, a Tyrant be,
Over a People who were always free?
No Senators; to this weel put an end,
And every one a helping hand shall lend.

This said, he smit ways far before their Eyes,
The nibbled remnants of a mouldy Cheese.
All that was left as reliques of the spoil.
At which their Welsh Bloods did begin to boil
Desire of Glory and Revenge posselt
Each silent Noddle, and each swelling Breast,
With angry brows knit up, and rage they storm,
And each one's brain a Mouse-trap now does form.

Up starts among the rest, one who by name
Taffy they called, a man of Ancient fame;
Whose equal yet for Parts Wales never bore,
A Smith, and yet a famous Senator.
If Cheese, said he, our Country's glory fail,
This loss we all have reason to bewail.
This of all Evils We ought most to dread,
As forc'd by't to go supperless to Bed.
Nor is this all; there's still yet something worse,
The court will also want their second course.
O 'tis a loss, which I can't think with ease,
That we shou'd be depriv'd of roasted Cheese.
Since therefore for these Evils no relief
Has hitherto been found against this Thief:
I'll try what I can do, for to destroy
This Foe, which thus our Country does annoy.

This said, they stare, and gaze, and hem him round,
Shewing their likeing by their Joyful sound.

They all desire impatiently to see,
What piece of Workman-ship this is to be.

Taffy now scratching his uneasy Head,
T' appease the craving Cattle therein bred:

Smiles at the thought, and thus begins to tell
What to him t'other Night a sleep befell.

A Mouse, said he, pursuing as I guess
The scent of undigest roasted Cheese,

That from my mouth she smelt, which open lay,
Crept in. and made strait down my Throat her way.

Whilst she was feasting there, I did awake,
And as she try'd to escape, her fast did take

Between

Between my Teeth, thus I found by good hap
It possible for to make a Mouse trap.

Thus, Senators, our Plague has made us wile,
Blush not, but learn with joy from Enemies.

Th' assembly hearing this with joy adjourn'd,
And Toffy to his home with praise return'd.
Each one implor'd his God to give Success
To th' happy Omen, and the labour blest.

In the mean time Toffy with hand and mind
Sets to the work which thus he had design'd.
And by the help of Pallas who assisted
He form'd the trap, and all its work adjusted.

O Muse go forward: help me to describe
This fatal Fabrick to the Micean tribe.
The form was four-square, covered 'ore with wood;
With rows of wire ith sides, on which it stood.
The treachrous entrance at one end was plac'd,
Which promis'd kind reception to its Guest.
All things seem Friendly, but look over head,
And there the fatal door hangs by a Thread;
Rich middle and erected peice does rise,
Whose cloven top an equal beam does poise:
Which at each end goes up or down as much,
As you the other end do lightly touch.
One end of this holds the deceitful gate,
To other's kept down with the alureing bait:
Which by the nibbling of the hungry Mouse,
Let's fall the door, and shuts her in the house.

The work being thus advanc'd, Toffy does strait
Fix to the forked wire th' alluring bait.
'Twas Cheese, which that the Mice might more admire,
He mad it smell by toasting at the fire.
And when at Night he weary went to Bed,
He sets this famous Mouse-trap at his head;
With mouth secure he gently falls a sleep,
Ith mean time Mice about the house do leap.
Who now in Spoil and Plunder do delight,
Considering in the safety of the Night;

A more

Scouting the grateful Cherle, she circles round,
Frisling her Nose, till she the Threshold found.
She first peeps in, and smelling the sweet bait,
Enters and strait her own Perdition eat.
The suddain noise the falling door did make
Did Taffy out of his first Sleep awake.
Impatient, up he starts, to see what's come;
And makes such unexpected noise it's room.
In the mean time within the wired house
Runs bustling to and fro the silly Mouse.
Somerimes with head, sometimes she fights with feet,
Gnawing the wier liberty to get.
Morning was come, and fame had spread the thing,
So far that with it each ones Ears did ring,
From Vales and Mountains now the Welch men met,
And into Swarms they all together get.
The joyful News had now from every hand;
Reach't the remotest corners of the land.
For Owls and Asses early had made known
The thing by hoops and brays in every Town.
Mountains thus bringing forth, here the wild race
Of Welsh come flocking in from every place.
All silent: Taffy now begins t' abraid
His captive with provoking words and said:
O! Mouse! for Liberty thou try'st in vain,
Thou art decreed a Victim to be slain.
This Threshold shall be stained with thy Blood,
As a Memorial for our Nations Good.
No hope is left, thou shalt, Perfidious, die;
This is decreed; this is thy Destiny.
Be then prepared; now thou shalt end the Strife,
And leave at once the Mouse-Trap, and thy Life.
Scarce had he spoke, but presently a Cat,
Who on the House Top then a sunning sat,
Stretch'd out at ease, where oft she us'd to lie,
Leapt down at sight of this her Enemy.

The

The Prisoner bound her, and with Fears,
 Mounted her crooked Back and prick'd her Ears:
 Not daring now to venture an Escape,
 Or stir out of the Door o'th open Trap.
 What first her Ruin was, is now, we see,
 The only Hopes of Life and Liberty.
 Fast to the Wire she clings her crooked Claws,
 And what she can hold with her little Jaws.
 But all in vain: she's turn'd out now a Prey
 To greedy Puss, No hopes to get away.
 Puss holds her fast, and by a cruel Nip,
 Secures the Mouse from giving her the slip.
 No rest, poor Mouse: while thus she panting lies,
 Puss by a waving Tail Joy testifies.
 Another Scene begins: Puss now one while,
 Attentively beholds her gasping Spoil.
 One while she winds the flexile Body round,
 Twitching and tossing up and down the Ground
 Th' expiring Victim: Now it's tender Neck
 She paws at distance, then her self a Check
 She gives, by snatching with her cruel Claws,
 And griping it, once more, within her Jaws.
 Thus her dissembling cruel Love does play;
 But, now at length, being tired with Delay;
 She's kind no longer, but her angry Teeth,
 Prove now the fatal Instruments of Death.
 She will not fasting any longer stay,
 But like a Lyon falls upon her Prey;
 Growling she hovers o'er her panting Food,
 She tears the Limbs, and stains the House with Blood.
 The joyful Populace with loud Out-cries,
 And iterated Huzza's rend the Skies.
 Live, Taffy live, for ever may'st thou be
 The celebrated of thy Country:
 Each circling Year thy Praises still shall sound
 And thy rank Temples with a Leak surround.

F I N I S.

lood.